

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

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[Second Paper.]

WE continue our extracts from the old revolutionary newspaper communications of Colonel Joseph Ward. They lie before us in single pages and half pages, cut from the old whitey-brown sheets of the period, with the title of the journal sometimes only half presented. The particular articles which we quote bear the initials J. W. in the handwriting of Col. Ward, and have been thus preserved in the family since his death. The earliest of these papers bears the date June 21, 1771, the "New Hampshire [Gazette?]." It contains two communications exhibiting the literary culture, proprieties of sentiment, and—in the remarks on the Newspaper—the patriotic tendencies of an educated gentleman in Massachusetts of those times. These moralizing writers have sometimes good stuff in them, when principles come to be applied to practice—as we shall see by future letters Ward sustained his good sentiments in the army. The following plea for female influence is in the vein of some of the contributions to the Spectator, with an infusion of the stronger talk befitting, as De Tocqueville urges, a new country:—

Messieurs FOWLES,

Please to insert the following:

TO CHARLOTTE,

Your Complaint of the scarcity of Gentlemen fit for Companions is common, and my own Observations confirm the melancholy Truth. But the grand Enquiry is, "how to remedy the Evil?" We must first investigate the Cause, before we can prescribe a Remedy. Women are said to "govern the World," if this be true, the Evil we complain of may originate with our Sex, and flow from an Error in Female Government. If any deny that our Sex "govern the World," all will allow that our Influence is very extensive.—This Influence should be applied to rectify the Errors, polish and refine the Minds of Men, and make them in all Things such as we would have them be.—If all our Sex would unite, and join their Efforts to reform the Gentlemen of the present Age, we should soon effect a glorious Reformation. We are sorry to mention their Errors and expose their Follies, but however painful, it must be done; the Wound must be prob'd before it can be heal'd. How rare a sight at this Day, is a virtuous Man in the Bloom of Youth, that amidst the enchanting Scenes of Life, keeps the End of Life in view, and treads in the shining Steps of Virtue and Honor? What Multitudes throng the dirty Paths of Vice, and go down the ignoble Stream!—Many there are whose Lives are not stain'd with fashionable Crimes, nor their Tongues defil'd with impious Oaths, yet discover no Traces of real Virtue, no celestial Beams in the Mind—Negative Goodness is but a Blank at best, and cannot suit a Mind animated with noble Views, and warm with heavenly Prospects.

To accomplish the grand Design in View, we must study ourselves (the most important of all Studies), rectify our own Minds, and govern our Conduct by the nicest Rules Reason can suggest, enlightened by Revelation. Let

our Example be a shining Lesson of the best Instruction. This is the Way, the only Way in which we can hope for success. We may some Times give a gentle Admonition, but it must be done with exquisite Skill—the Minds of Men are impatient of Reproof; we must not attempt to move them to Virtue by Force, but turn the various Springs of their Minds by delicate Touches.—Heaven has stamp'd Beauty and Majesty upon Virtue, and the human Mind cannot behold it without Admiration; it penetrates the most insensible Heart, and darts in Beams into the darkest Mind; at once awes and charms every Beholder! Then let us ever adorn our Minds with this irresistible Charm; and Vice in all its hateful Forms will flee before us like the Gloom of Night before the rising Day; the profane Tongue will be dumb with Silence, and the immodest Eye cease to roll: Every thing below the Dignity of Man will blush in our Presence.

We never must countenance the least Deviation from Virtue, even by a Smile, but reprove it by the amiable and striking Language of a Female Blush. The universal Desire that all Men have to obtain our Approbation and Smiles gives us a mighty Power over their Minds to form them to Virtue.—Let not the present dim Aspect of Manners prevent our Exertions, the very Attempt will be glorious, and Success will insure us immortal Honor and Pleasure. We shall then see more polished Times, and noble Companions will be as remarkably Plenty as they have been extremely scarce.—Men will esteem it an Honor to wear the *Hymenian Chain*, and every one that *findeth a Wife* will with Pleasure and Gratitude acknowledge he has found a *good thing*; their Minds having a noble Turn, will see the Beauty of the *sacred Union*, and the Blessings that attend this *Divine Institution*: By uniting two Streams of Pleasure in this golden Channel, the Tide of Bliss will rise to a sublimity unknown in the Circle of Celibacy.—Disgraceful Scenes no more will torture the Sight, pain the virtuous Mind, or wound the delicate Ear.—Thus the Mind will expand in new Fields of Pleasure, and travel through delightful Scenes until the destin'd Hour cuts the vital Thread and calls it to the Skies.

LUCRETIA.

On the next column is the very respectable essay on the Newspaper.

Messieurs FOWLES,

Among all the Discoveries which human Sagacity has made, one of the most important and useful to Mankind is PRINTING.—The Press has ever been patronized by the most shining Characters in every Age and Nation where its Beams have shone, and esteemed a very distinguished blessing of Providence. None but sordid Minds, "who hate the Light least their evil Deeds should be seen," ever wished to extinguish this Light of Heaven, or contract its freedom by inspecting Slaves.—The most able Pens have touched upon this Subject and done it that Honour which mine cannot pretend to; but the Press is such a Source of Blessings among a Free People, as to be altogether inexhaustible by the Pens of Men. I shall mention a few obvious Advantages that accrue to common People by reading News Papers; which are designed as an Inducement to them to encourage the Press, and support its Freedom as a Fountain from which Innumerable Benefits are derived. It is the interest of every one to have some Knowledge of history, the Laws of one's Country, the Transactions of the Senate, and all publick Officers and Servants to the State; the new and useful Discoveries in the Arts and Sciences, together with innumerable other Parts of Knowledge which are conveyed in this Channel: By reading Weekly Publications we see the important Changes that are con-

stantly taking Place in the World, have the Characters of the most distinguished Persons as they go off the Stage of Action, are warned by the Folly and Fate of evil Men, to shun the Paths that lead to Ruin; and are instructed by the noble Example of the Wise and Good to tread in the Steps of Virtue and Honor, at the same Time we are admonished by their Departure to be active in our Day, and improve the Candle of Life while it burns.—Also our Children and Servants are taught the most Useful Lessons without any Trouble or Expense; their Minds are drawn by Curiosity to read the News, whereby they learn to Read, and at the same time receive Instruction, are forming their Minds to Virtue and Honor, and are storing up useful knowledge. In short, there is no End to the Advantages which result from this great Spring of human Happiness. It is like a spacious River running through a vast Continent, whose numerous Branches and winding Streams refresh Hills and Vales, Trees and Plants of every Kind, turning Machines of various Forms for the use of Man, quenching the Thirst of every Creature, and spreading Beauty and Pleasure over universal Nature!—But where Tyrants controul this great, this important Engine, it conveys nothing to the People but a Stream of Poison which clouds the Rays of Light, puts out the Public Eye, quenches the Fire of Patriotism, and excludes every celestial Beam from the human Mind! Then how important, how precious is this Gift of Heaven! Let us cultivate and defend it as we do the vital Flame! and use our utmost Endeavors that it be handed down in its full, native Freedom, to the latest Period of Time, and its golden Rays be of equal Duration with the Beams of the Sun.

AN AMERICAN.

Another leaf of Messrs. Edes and Gill's Boston Gazette has an article bearing date the close of the same year. It is a very staunch appeal to the British Parliament, with some truisms for this day, though at the time of its publication there were doubtless numerous highly respectable people who pronounced it a mere brutum fulmen, of about as much importance as the philippics in the Little Pedlington Observer, directed against the Autocrat of the Russias. The paper is certainly a sagacious one—well worthy to have attracted the attention of Mr. Buckingham in his valuable "Specimens of Newspaper Literature." We have looked, however, in vain in his indexes for the name of Joseph Ward.

Messieurs EDES &amp; GILL,

Please to insert the following, and you'll oblige your constant Reader.

TO THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

My LORDS, and GENTLEMEN,

Ever solicitous for Britain's welfare, I have long beheld with anxiety her perilous situation. Her danger, and her remedy, I will now endeavour to point out. The language of sincerity and truth, shall convey those ideas which an attentive observation of human affairs, and political transactions, with a careful review of the history of mankind, and the various causes which have produced the grand revolutions among kingdoms, have enabled me to collect. Many and various were the means which contributed to raise the British nation to superior power and wealth, but, Liberty was the original spring and foundation of all her glory; and that alone can support it; if that decays, she must decline; when Liberty is lost, she will soon be no more.—Britain's fate is to rise and fall with freedom. Great nations that inhabit a vast continent, may submit under a despotic government, notwith-

standing all the calamities that ever attend tyranny; their numbers, and extent of territory, are a defence against their enemies; but this is not the case with England, valour and not numbers, must support her; and liberty alone can inspire Englishmen with valour. When this mighty spring of action is lost, they, like all other nations that have been enslaved, who were once free, will degenerate into the meanest wretches among mortals.—Therefore let him who loves Britain, love liberty, for without it, she must expire.

Had France been under a free government, England would long since have been nothing more than one of her provinces. Slavery in France, has been the cause of England's superiority over her; and the moment Britons lose their liberty, they will become slaves to France, or some other European nation.—How astonishing then, to every enlightened mind, must the late conduct of Britain be, in making such large strides towards despotism and tyranny! Evils which she ought to avoid as the hand of death!—Her treatment of America seems to be the effect of infatuation—plans are pursued which carry the most evident marks of general ruin—which oppress and enslave a people, on whose posterity, and freedom, her own depends!—All the maxims of wisdom, and prudence, have been unknown or disregarded, and a fatal scheme pursued, destitute of every ray of political wisdom, and big with ruin to the nation!

What, in the name of reason, would Britain have of the Americans? They have ever been affectionate and generous to her, studied her welfare, and done everything in their power to promote it; have never refused, when she asked their assistance; never spared blood, nor treasure, when Britain call'd—and their only unhappiness was, that they had not ability to promote her glory equal to their wishes.—What return has their unparalleled generosity and affection to the parent country met with? Can posterity believe what the page of truth will record, that "the Britons, regardless of humanity, justice, or gratitude, refused to let the Americans share in the common blessing of freedom; oppressed them with taxes, insulted them with armies, and even shed the blood of some of their citizens!"—And 'tis probable future historians will add, "the Britons continued adding insult to injury, until the Americans, inflamed by such aggravated ingratitude, and unsupportable tyranny, gave vent to their just indignation—destroyed the tyrants, restored liberty, wiped off the reproach of slavery, raised their sullied honour and majesty to the height of splendour, and became at once the terror and glory of the world—Britain felt the shock to her centre,—torn with internal divisions, and invaded by her enemies, she sunk beneath these united calamities—and now remains a monument of human folly, of departed liberty, and lost glory!"—Would to Heaven, Britain knew in this her day, the things that belong to her peace, before her ruin is inevitable.

It is the common fate of nations that fall by luxury, and a corrupt administration, not to see their danger until destruction seizes upon them.—And as a deaf ear has so long been turned to the voice of reason, we have great cause to fear this will be the fate of England.

America, in spite of envy and malice, and the united efforts of her enemies, will rise superior to all opposition. Her situation, extent of territory, and natural advantages for wealth, and power, give her the most certain prospect of freedom. And nothing can be more absurd and vain, than for Great Britain, or any other nation, to attempt the subjection of America; it is impossible in the nature of things, that such a vast people so advantageously situated for independence, should long submit to imposition. 'Tis contrary to the

nature of power, to bear insults, and men will no longer be slaves, when they can be free. All the passions in the human mind, are opposite to subjection, and every one thirsts for that freedom, which, Heaven has taught man to love, and aspire after. It is clear, to every rational mind, that the Americans will soon have it in their power to be independent of Great Britain; and therefore, kindness, and friendship, are the only means by which she can maintain her union with the Americans, and derive from them great and lasting benefits. Every attempt to enslave them, hastens on their independency, and the fate of those who would oppress them. The fleets and armies, lately sent to awe the Americans into mean submissions, cease to operate upon their fears, and only inkindle the passion of indignation and resentment.

That the rights and liberties of the Colonies, have been unjustly invaded, and violated in the most flagrant manner, has been proved by the most convincing arguments and evidence that carries demonstration. Every one who is endued with the least degree of common sense, knows, that a people who are subject to the will and controul of others, and to be stripped of their money and estates without their own consent, are slaves to perfection!—This is the case with the Americans, while they are taxed by Great Britain. But, such has been the obstinacy of some of their oppressors, the most weighty reasons have made no impression, and if revelation was added to reason, we cannot suppose it would avail.—Such persons must be convinced by arguments of a different kind—and such are in store for them.

Whoever is acquainted with the history of mankind, and has traced the rise and fall of nations, will view Great Britain in a perilous situation; and America near an independent state.—The Americans are stimulated with jealousy, and warm with resentment, and whenever Britain meets with any calamity that depresses her, they will immediately rise in their demands, and what would now satisfy them, if kindly offered, will then be rejected.—NOW is the time to make them easy on good terms for Great Britain. Should France and Spain league in a war against England, would the Americans assist her before all their liberties were restored, and their demands complied with? Surely no.—Should any powerful nation offer them her alliance, and to protect their trade, will they not instantly accept it?—And will not the vast advantages that will accrue to any nation that is allied with America, and enjoys her extensive commerce, stimulate every powerful nation in Europe to contend for so great a prize?—Is it not highly probable some of these events may happen in a few years?—Considering the vicissitudes among nations, the present state of Great Britain, and America, it is very possible but a few years may elapse, before the important changes above-mentioned take place.

My Lords, and Gentlemen, as you regard the welfare of the King, and the lasting prosperity of the nation, seize the present time to restore harmony between the parent country and the colonies, and lay a permanent foundation for Britain's glory.—Let not pride, nor avarice, put out your political eyes; the path of duty, interest, and honor, is plain before you; instantly satisfy the Americans by establishing their liberties on a firm foundation, that no future contests may arise, and all jealousy subside—then will their affection return with its wonted ardor, and it will, as heretofore, be their delight to contribute to the happiness and glory of the parent country. Mutual interest, which is the foundation of government, and only connecting bond of society, will then operate for the good of the whole kingdom; uniting the various members in one political head, they will be cemented by the strongest

ties, and form an indissoluble union. Then, as rivers run into the sea, so will the wealth of all the Colonies flow into Great Britain.—Inspired by the most animating springs of action, interest, and affection, they will conspire to raise Britain to the summit of human glory!—Thus fed by innumerable streams of wealth and power, and supported by the steadfast pillar of America, if wisdom sits at helm, she may rise superior to any nation that ever beheld the Sun,—and reign in freedom, encircled with felicity, until that glorious luminary sets to rise no more!—

My Lords, and Gentlemen, if the weighty reasons that have been offered will not determine your minds to pursue pacific measures, to cultivate harmony with America, the destruction of Britain is sealed.—The Americans, now call all the World to witness, that they have faithfully warned you this 5th day of November, 1771.

AN AMERICAN.

In January, 1774, we find Joseph Ward's patriotic aspirations seeking vent in poetry in a contribution for "the Royal American Magazine"—an odd volume of which in our possession we may make the occasion of a future article:—

A PROPHECY OF THE FUTURE GLORY OF AMERICA.  
To years far distant—and to scenes more bright,

Along the vale of time extend thy sight,  
Where hours and days and years, from yon bright pole,

Wave following wave, in long succession roll;  
There see in pomp, for ages without end,  
The glories of the western world ascend!

See, this blest land in her bright morn appears,  
Wak'd from dead slumbers of six thousand years,

While clouds of darkness vail'd each cheering ray;

To savage beasts and savage men a prey.

Fair Freedom now her ensign bright displays,  
And peace and plenty bless these golden days  
In mighty pomp America shall rise,

Her glories spreading to the boundless skies;

Of every fair she boasts the assembled charms,

The Queen of Empires and the nurse of arms.

See where her Heroes, mark their glorious way,

Arm'd for the right and blazing on the day;

Blood stains their steps; and o'er the conquering plain,

'Mid fighting thousands, and 'mid thousands slain;

Their eager swords promiscuous carnage blend,

And ghastly deaths their raging course attend,

Her mighty power the subject world shall see,

For laurel'd conquest waits her high decree.

See, her bold vessels rushing to the main

Catch the swift gales, and sweep the wat'ry plain;

Or led by commerce, at the merchant's door,

Unlade the treasures of each distant shore;

Or arm'd with thunder, on the guilty foe,

Rush big with death and aim the impending blow;

Bid every realm that hears the tramp of fame,

Quake at the distant terror of her name.

—A highly successful transfer from one Alexander Pope!

In 1777 we find Benjamin Edes appealed to for the insertion of this little trumpet-

article in his Boston Gazette and Country Journal:—

MR. EDES,

Be pleased to publish the following.

TO THE SOLDIERS IN THIS STATE.

GENTLEMEN,

The most illustrious cause that ever engaged

the attention of man, now calls for your assist-



ance; interest, freedom, glory, all invite you to the field.—Never before had men so many and such noble motives to enlist into the service of their country. Never before was such great BOUNTY given by any State or Kingdom in the world; it is great as you can desire; it is even beyond the bounds of generosity, and more than your country ought to give; for you will share equally in the happy consequences of Independence with those who tarry at home; but they will not share with you in the honors of victory!—They must toil more hours in proportion to the scarcity of labor, pay heavy taxes to support you in the field, endure all that anxiety which the Patriot feels for his suffering country; and after all their generous exertions, they cannot be privileged with that pre-eminence in glory, to shine in *HEROIC* page!—Yet they shall be honorable in the eyes of all men, and fame will record them in the page of immortality.

Every man sees the vast importance of completing the Continental Army with the utmost expedition; therefore, those who can engage in the service of their country, ought to do it without delay.—NOW is the distinguished period which calls for exertion. Spirit and decision are the capital springs on which the salvation of States in our situation commonly turn;—therefore do not waste a day in idle hesitation, but immediately buckle on the harness, and stand forth.—The memorable year 1777 (long prophesied of as being pregnant with the fate of kingdoms) has begun its mighty course; let our work keep pace with time; our sentiments and conduct be elevated as the dignity of our cause; and while employed in supporting every thing great and good in this world, may they centre in Heaven. Then, although "the Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself grow dim with age, and nature sink in years, YOU shall flourish in immortal youth."

#### A BROTHER-SOLDIER.

With one more passage we close these notices of the writings of Col. Ward—reserving a most interesting series of letters from several of the most distinguished men of the Revolution, written to him, for future articles.

The following lines relate to Ward's period of imprisonment at Flatbush. They bear the date 1778, while the writer was in captivity:—

#### THE AMERICAN PRISONER.

And shall we pause, in freedom's cause,  
Repine to give it aid,  
If one fell hour some joys devours,  
Or some bright moments shade?

No fetters bind the freeborn mind,  
It acts like Angel's free,  
Nor clouds the soul when tempests roll  
O'er sons of Liberty.

We took the field with hearts well steel'd,  
Our hopes fixed firm on high,  
Nor aught we feel can check our zeal,  
We dare to live, or die.

Tyrants may rage and war may wage  
With death in ev'ry form,  
But freedom's charms (e'en strip'd of arms)  
Bid us defy the storm.

Their rage is vain, the tyrant's chain  
Can only tyrants bind,  
Our freeborn souls no pow'r controls  
We'll traverse unconfin'd.

Knock off your chains, forget your pains,  
My brother prisoners all,  
And let us join in songs divine  
To sing the tyrant's fall.

See freedom rise, bright as the skies,  
Pure as celestial rays,

The tempest o'er no tyrants more  
Shall dim the golden rays!

Dismiss your care, think on the fair,  
The blissful scenes to come,  
When every flow'r shall gild each hour,  
And every pleasure bloom.

Sweethearts, and wives, will "bless our lives,  
Sublimest joys convey,  
With mingled charms in their dear arms,  
How bright the glorious day!

Each future Sun sees Washington  
In peace and triumph ride,  
Each brilliant star shine from afar  
Propitious o'er his head.

On fame's bright wing fresh laurels spring,  
And round the hero shine,  
While Angels write with sunbeams bright,  
His deeds in verse divine!

J. W.

Long Island, Dec., 1778.

#### ILLUSTRATIONS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.\*

THE fourth volume of the Documentary History of the State of New York is not inferior to its predecessors in the extent and value of its original information. It contains, in more than a thousand pages, eighteen series of papers which are duly apportioned between the early Dutch first impressions and discoveries of the colony in the seventeenth century; the local Colonial English records of the province in the eighteenth; missionary and other memoranda of the Six Nations; the protracted boundary disputes of the New Hampshire Grants; memoirs of the Hon. James De Lancey, Lieut. Governor of the Province in 1747, of Judge Duane, by the Hon. Samuel W. Jones, and several miscellanies. To these should be added a description and representation of the series of Great Seals of New Netherlands and New York from 1623 to 1776. These are fac similes produced with great care after the originals which exist in the office of the Secretary of State and the State Library at Albany. These originals are, of course, in a more or less perishable condition; they are now for the first time faithfully rendered by the engraver in a form which will secure their perpetuation. The mezzotint, which has been adopted, is peculiarly well qualified to give the effect of the old waxen impressions. The series is complete with the exception of the seal of James II., which is described from the Warrant of 1687, but of which Dr. O'Callaghan could find no copy.

Of the early Dutch papers there are, a Journal of New Netherlands, 1641-7, translated from the Holland Documents, a brief description of the country with notices of the early difficulties with the Indians, who, among other ways, were spoilt by the hospitalities of the first settlers "not being satisfied with merely taking them into their houses in the customary manner, but attracting them by extraordinary attention, such as admitting them to the table, laying napkins before them, presenting wine to them and more of that kind of thing." The vengeance taken for the Indian aggressions, which grew up in

the usual manner, seems to have been exemplary. An expedition to Greenwich was a slaughterous affair—despatching some five hundred of the natives, to whom the Chronicler, after describing their burning in the huts, does the justice of saying:—"What was most wonderful is, that among this vast collection of men, women, and children, not one was heard to cry or scream." The military party marched over to Stantfort and consoled themselves with the English, and upon their return home proclaimed a thanksgiving. A Journal of the Second Esopus War in 1663 supplies us with a curious picture of the detail of an Indian campaign in those days. These are the realities of the country; the wild and wondrous gossip which was amusing or amazing the home fireside of the mother country, is given side by side from the respectable folio of Arnoldus Montanus, who undertook to describe North America, with other parts of the world, in 1671. The sketch of New Netherland in this volume is entertaining—full of marvels and picturesque lying gossip. He prefaces it, however, with a suitable picture of the island of Manhattan, the frequently copied view with the church and windmill, and a few scattered houses on the hillocks, and a culprit Dutchman suspended by his waist, in a flying attitude from the gallows. Another engraving in this old volume is also given, of the beasts and birds of the Province, elks, beavers, wild hogs, and a prophetic representation of a powerful unicorn upon whose back the American Eagle has distressingly and victoriously fixed its beak and talons. Of old Montanus's natural history gossip an anecdote or two may suffice. "Lions [meaning panthers probably], whose skins the Indians bring to market, are caught on a high mountain, situated fifteen days' journey to the southeast. Here also are many pitch black bears, shy of men, but which, when attacked, spring on the hunters; they first stop the wound with a plectrum of leaves, and if the hunter, meanwhile, take refuge on a tree, climb after and above him, then stick the head between the legs and fall downward. They sleep during winter, lying six weeks on one side, and an equal time on the other, sucking their paw." Of certain elks from the South—"they appear to derive their Dutch appellation (*eclanden*) from *elende* (misery), because they die of the smallest wound, however strong they may otherwise be." The eagle comes in for a notable account:—"All have a strong body, bones without marrow, claws as long as a man's finger, the bill strong and crooked, the brains dry, the eyes small and hollow, the feathers hard, the right foot bigger than the left, both ill looking, the blood gross, the excrements highly offensive. \* \* Some eagles strike their prey at mid-day, others at the rising of the sun. They fall like lightning on the game they pursue, as the blood of animals serves them for drink. They usually breed two to three young, whose eyes they turn towards the sun's rays. If these regard the light of heaven without blinding they bring them up, otherwise, those that cannot stand such a test are drove from the nest. \* \* They die mostly of hunger, as the bill becomes by age so crooked that they cannot open anything. Thereupon they finally fly to the highest regions towards the sun, tumble down into the coldest stream; they pluck out their feathers, clammy with sweat, and thus breathe their last."

\* 1. The Documentary History of the State of New York; arranged under direction of the Hon. Christopher Morgan, Secretary of State. By E. B. O'Callaghan, M.D. Vol. IV. Albany: Charles Van Benthuysen, Public Printer.

2. Manual of the Corporation of the City of New York, for 1852. By D. T. Valentine. Putnam.

3. The Public Records of the Colony of Connecticut, from 1665 to 1678; with the Journal of the Council of War, 1675 to 1678—with notes and an Appendix. By J. Hammond Trumbull. Hartford: F. A. Brown.

4. The Southern Quarterly Review, for July. Art. The Baron de Kalb. Charleston: Walker and Richards.

One of Dr. O'Callaghan's revivals is a curious Trial for Witchcraft, held in New York, 1665. It was an indictment from the Long Island town of Seataleott of one Ralph Hall and Mary his wife, for "maliciously and feloniously practising some wicked and detestable arts, commonly called witchcraft and sorcery upon the bodies of George Wood and an infant child of Ann Rogers"—parties who it seems had in that day shared the common lot of humanity and died. Jacob Leisler, of revolutionary memory, was a member of the jury—and the verdict is not quite so clear as we might have expected from that reformer. It was,—“we having seriously considered the case committed to our charge, against the prisoners at the bar, and having well weighed the evidence, we find that there are some suspicions by the evidence, of what the woman is charged with, but nothing considerable of value to take away her life. But in reference to the man we find nothing considerable to charge him with.” Ralph Hall gave, therefore, a bond for his wife's good behavior, and about three years afterwards was released from his recognizances. We have also some annoying proceedings in 1670, growing out of witchcraft proceedings, against Katharine Harrison in Westchester, a widow lady, “late of Wethersfield, in his Majestic's Colony of Connecticut.”

Valentine's Manual of the Corporation of the City of New York, for 1852, is like the predecessors of the series, not merely a complete official record of all office holders, societies, and their managers, and the routine of municipal business in the metropolis; but with a sound principle which might not be anticipated from such a quarter it has a liberal appropriation of historic matter relating to the past. This is chiefly drawn from the old city records. If anything can inspire an alderman with a sense of dignity and the proprieties of his calling, it is to look back upon the roll call of his predecessors from the year 1653, published by Mr. Valentine, and read the honored names of the De Witt Clintons, the Livingstons, Buchanans, Bayards, Allens, Pauldings, and others who nourished the prosperity of the rising city. In earlier times, when New Amsterdam was a fat little Dutch colony, existing in a quiet, domestic pot-boiling sort of way, some of the incidents of the Schepen's administration read like passages from the veritable history of Diedrich Knickerbocker. In 1656 Jan Vigne, Schepen, held a farm marked by a windmill in the suburban region on what is now the corner of Wall and Pearl streets. It was planted with peas and corn and it is upon record that the said Schepen brought suit against Frans Clasen, whose son, with several school boys had damaged the premises with their foot-prints; but Jan Vigne could not recover, the court ruling that as he had taken the law in his own hands and sent the boy home black and blue, he could not recover. In 1658 Schout or Sheriff Niclaus D'Sille complains to the court of Burgomasters of the dogs making dangerous attacks upon him in his nightly rounds, and moreover that there was much “hallooing of the Indians in the streets and cuttings of ‘hockies’ by the boys, all which, being against good order, should be remedied.” Mr. Valentine considers the Dutch term “hockies” untranslatable “although tradition has handed down a similar term among truant boys in some of the villages on the Hudson River.” We presume it is our

old school boy phrase “playing hookey,” which survives to this day in Manhattan. We regret to find that Pieter Wolfersen Van Couwenhoven, Schepen, 1653-63, sold a neighbor a hog that was meazled. Allard Anthony, a Schepen, burgomaster and schout of those days, in 1660 sold to one Jan Van Cleef, a hanger, for which Van Cleef agreed to pay him “as much buckwheat as Anthony's fowls will eat in six months.” This was the basis of the mercantile greatness of New York—

From such beginnings  
We date our winnings.

Among other antiquarian expositions of the book, Mr. Cornelius De Witt gives us an ingenious origin of the romantic Turtle Bay on the East River,—“Turtle Bay farm,” formerly belonging to the Winthrops, the small cove or bay, called formerly “Deutel Bay,” from which the present name is corrupted. “When the head of the cask was further secured with pegs, they could say the cask was ‘ze deutelt;’ the pegs were short, but at the base broad; the bay narrow at its entrance, broad at the bottom; the supposed resemblance between the bay and the peg, the supposed origin of the name.”

Mr. Frederick Depeyster furnishes an account of the Tontine Association, the holders of a valuable site in Wall street. This profitable “life annuity with benefit to survivorship” dates from the year 1795 when 203 shares were subscribed for at \$200 each, the rights of each subscriber or his representatives in the investment depending upon the life of a certain nominee selected at the outset. Its history is remarkable for the unusually high average of human life of the nominees, of whom last year there were sixty survivors—a longevity about one third greater than the average of European estimates. This is worth noticing, as it is a not uncommon notion with foreigners that the duration of life is shorter in America than abroad. A further fact stated in this connexion by the *Journal of Commerce* will refute this notion. “About fifteen years ago a President of the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company addressed 5000 circulars with tabular forms to as many families. Of these about 3000 were returned completed, showing an average longevity greater than was ever before exhibited in an actual compilation since the days of men were shortened. The papers were forwarded to London and excited universal astonishment. The list embraced all professions and occupations.”

*The Public Records of the Colony of Connecticut from 1665 to 1678*, is the second volume in the series of the publication of the colonial government journals, &c. Its plan is a minute and exact copy of the original records. Its strict fidelity is its best and chief literary recommendation. Exact and methodical, its value to the future historian must be inestimable. By the aid of the excellent index we may trace the manners and ideas of the early settlement in laws for the observance of the Sabbath, the persecution of the Quakers, the foundations of schools and highways, the doctrinal settlements of Synods, the bounty on wolves, and other discipline of the General Assembly. You may learn, for instance, the sentence upon that imported Wethersfield witch, Katharine Harrison, whom we have just met with in Mr. O'Callaghan's Collections, releasing her

from death, but “willing her to mind the fulfilment of removing from Wethersfield, which is that will tend most to her own safety and the contentment of the people who are her neighbors.”

The second portion of this volume is occupied with the Journal of the Council to whom was intrusted the management of the Indian war, 1675 to 1677. It consists of a reprint of the journal with various collateral letters and documents. From one of them, a code for “the better regulating their forces and keeping their soldiers to their duty,” it appears that the first article levels “the pains of having his tongue bored through with a red hot iron” against the blasphemer. From the remaining provisions it would seem that the common soldier in God-fearing Connecticut was pretty much the same kind of human being as the common soldier in profaner parts of the world. The historical value of this ancient war-record of ways and means is of the first importance. It is curious to contrast it with the development of similar scenes on our latent western frontiers.

The *Southern Quarterly Review*, under the editorship of Mr. Simms, is a periodical which is doing much for American history. Two articles in the last number are of interest. A spirited paper vindicating the part borne by South Carolina in the Revolution apropos to some representations in Mr. Kennedy's novel of Horse-Shoe Robinson; and the other an original memoir of the Baron De Kalb. The latter is made up chiefly from letters of the Baron to Henry Laurens, President of Congress, whose papers are in the hands of Mr. Simms preparing for publication,—a circumstance which points out the editor of the Review as the author of the Memoir, though we have still more satisfactory evidence of Mr. S. being the author of both these American articles, in the graphic manner in which the facts are presented and the minute, local, *loving* knowledge of the region. Little has been known about the Baron De Kalb. Mr. Simms adds to that little and introduces to us a highly probable interpretation of the character of the man, “energetic, brave, a good soldier, and—a phlegmatic.” He fell at the Battle of Camden, fought as Mr. S. recounts, under ludicrous disadvantages. There are many clever points made by Mr. Simms as he goes along, illustrative of the Revolutionary era, several of them hitting rather hard at the New Englanders.

#### AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.\*

THE first publication of this Society, established in this city during the present year, gives good earnest of its future usefulness. At its monthly meetings several valuable papers have been read on the position and commercial advantages of Paraguay, some interesting missionary memorials of South Africa from the Rev. David Livingston, dated on the Banks of the Zonga, a commercial statement of the resources of the eastern ports of Turkey on the Black Sea from Mr. J. Danesi, the U. S. Consul at Constantinople, and a memoir of New Granada from one of its late Presidents, Gen. Mosquera. These, with the exception of the last, are included in the present Bulletin. The notice of Paraguay is the fullest of these papers.

\* Bulletin of the American Geographical and Statistical Society. Vol. I. For the year 1852. G. P. Putnam.



It is a well written suggestive memoir of the geography, history, productions, and trade of the country, from the pen of Mr. Edward A. Hopkins, American Consul of that country, and from early youth a resident in the region of the Rio de la Plata. This paper points out the peculiar isolation of Paraguay under the Dictator Francia (of whom Mr. Hopkins thinks less admiringly than Thomas Carlyle) and the tyrannical Rosas. His remarks were prepared on the imminent downfall of the latter and look to the vast commercial importance of the country, especially in connexion with the interests of the United States. A recommendation is made of an immediate exploration of the La Plata, which the Society has further enforced by a formal Memorial to the Secretary of the Navy. A well engraved map accompanies Mr. Hopkins's paper. One of his points in reference to a new settlement of the country by emigration is worth quoting:—

"The movement of French, Italian, and German emigration towards the region of the Plata, already considerable, must augment, for many reasons, in a far greater ratio than we have ever known it with us. The sympathetic feelings of affection and protection will take out there thousands whose parents, relations, or friends, have already emigrated; whilst the price of land is much less than in this country, and the sympathies of race, religion, customs, and language, for two of the three above-mentioned nations, naturally lead them thither. This emigration, composed of the best elements, for our purposes, which European society contains, must only increase by each domestic convulsion or despotic encroachment; and I know, from facts that came to my knowledge in Paris, that large arrangements are already entered into for emigration during the coming season.

"These emigrants will not, as many persons too hastily imagine, become elements of disorder in their new home; for those portions of the New World furnish no incentives to anarchy, while they offer every reward for honest labor. Nor is it true that because they are often elements of anarchy at home, under the pressure of want and idleness, their conduct will be the same where no such pressure exists. On the contrary, I am satisfied that, as they have already preserved, so they will contribute to increase, the element of civilization in South America; and I am equally convinced that they must absorb, in a few generations, the two or three millions of natives, who, proud and disdainful with few exceptions, refuse to learn from others, and have no idea of advancing themselves. Thus, under proper management, we may expect to see a new nation, truly republican, rising up on the shores of the Plata, within a few years, founded upon the *debris* of liberty in the Old World, and without containing in its elements the only plague-spot to be found upon our own incomparable body politic."

No position can be more advantageous for the study and development of geographical questions than the city of New York. Here there are original contributions to the science from every quarter of the globe, and here there is the strong incentive to the pursuit, of immediate practical benefits growing out of theory or discovery. It is a good sign for this infant Society that it has so early taken hold of the mercantile interest, and that it has included within its first circle of members a fair representation of merchants as well as authors. Mr. Henry Grinnell was offered justly, after his diligence and liberality in the Arctic Expedition, the position of the first

President. This he declined, and it is now held by George Bancroft—Mr. Grinnell being the first Vice-President, the Rev. Dr. Hawks the second, and a liberal and enterprising merchant of this city, John C. Zimmerman, Senior, the third. Its other offices are equally well filled. The provisions of its by-laws are excellent, and we may confidently predict a useful career from the organization.

#### DOCTOR ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.\*

WE welcome Doctor Elizabeth Blackwell to a place among the regular faculty, and though orthodox members of the Academy of Medicine, we should not object to a consultation with her, provided she be, as she undoubtedly is, young and not antiquated—for we have already quite enough old women among the doctors. France, with its usual gallantry, has taken the start of the rest of the world for a long time in this respect, and gives due precedence to the female physician. Madam Boivin and Madam Lachapelle were famous French Doctors in their day, and standard medical writers. It is the custom in Paris for a woman to preside, and she does it with veritable *aplomb*, at the usual public displays of the mysteries of Lucina to the thronging hirsute young Esculapians of the *rue de l'Ecole de Medicine*. Obstetrics, however, is the particular branch of the science hitherto affected by the women, and it seems fair, that in a matter where they have had so much to do, and are so much concerned, they should be allowed to have something to say. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, however, does not confine herself to this speciality, and is disposed to go in for all the honors.

Miss Blackwell justifies her claim to the doctorate in her book, which is a sensible expression of the laws of life, with special reference to the physical education of girls. This is a feminine subject, and, in treatment, of it, the authoress draws from her womanly experience. The substance of the book was formerly delivered in a course of lectures to a class of women. The subjects embraced (the very words we use, *embraced* and *delivered*, are unconsciously suggested by these feminine topics) are the laws of the life of woman, her growth and development, and her physical relations, the disobedience of laws, and the consequences, the prevalence of such disobedience in the education of girls, the necessity for reform, and the principles upon which reform should be conducted. We give some intelligent remarks on the influence of dress, physical associations, and habits, upon the female character, taken from a sensible chapter upon the culture of the senses.

"The senses are direct avenues to the soul; they are capable of awakening intense emotion, religious enthusiasm, every sublime or tender sentiment. The traveller, as he gazes from the mountain top on the wide extent of forest and hill stretched at his feet, with the blue expanse above and the light clouds sweeping silently over, with no sign of human life, no sound to break the solitude, stands awe-struck with the overpowering immensity and spirit of majestic beauty that rests upon that scene; the eye speaks to the soul of eternity, of the Grand Spirit of the universe, with a power that thrills the heart. And as the traveller winds through some sheltered valley, and marks the thriving village, with its busy

inhabitants, what a different tide of emotion sets in! what thoughts of home, what warm human interests are awakened! How our hearts bound to the spirited strains of martial music! how we thrill to the shout of the multitude! and how many a David has charmed away evil spirits by the melody of beautiful sounds! Neither is it a passing emotion of little moment in our life that we receive from the senses, for they are our perpetual body-guards, surrounding us unceasingly, and these constantly repeated impressions become powerful agents in our life: they refine or brutify our souls, they ennoble or degrade them, according to the beautiful or mean objects which surround us. A dirty slovenly dress will exert an evil moral influence upon the child; it will aid in destroying its self-respect; it will incline it to habits which correspond with such a garment. The beautiful scenes through which a child wanders, playing by the seashore, or on the mountain side, will always be remembered; the treasures of shell and seaweed, brought from wonderful ocean caverns, the soft green moss, where the fairies have danced, and the flowers that have sprung up under their footsteps, will leave a trace of beauty, of mystery, and strange happiness wherever its later life may be cast. The senses mingle powerfully in all the influences of childhood. It is not merely the loving of parents, the purity and truthfulness of the family relations that make home so precious a recollection; there are visions of winter evenings, with the curtains drawn, the fire blazing, and gay voices or wonderful picture books; there are summer rambles in the cool evening, when the delicious night-breeze fanned the cheek, and we gazed into the heavens to search out the bright stars.

"It is then most important in educating children to guard the senses from evil influences, to furnish them with pure and beautiful objects. Each separate sense should preserve its acuteness of faculty; the eye should not be injured by resting on a vulgar confusion of colors, on clumsy, ill proportioned forms; the ear should not be falsified by discordant sounds and harsh unloving voices; the nose should not be a receptacle for impure odors; each sense should be preserved in its purity, and the objects supplied to them should be filled with moral suggestion and true sentiment; the house, the dress, the food may preach to the child through its senses, and aid its growth in quite another way from the protection afforded, or the good blood which feeds its organs."

#### MRS. NICHOLS'S POEMS.\*

A HOLIDAY edition of the poems of Mrs. Nichols with a luxury of paper and print befitting the occasion. We have looked over the collection with interest. There is sensitive feeling, eloquent utterance, and occasionally some rare niceties of poetical art in the mingling of the description of nature with the sentiment which it inspires. Of this we have a happy instance in the stanzas on Autumn in the poem of the Lost Soul, a stanzas which could have been written by no common mind:—

"At length the Autumn, drunken deep with wines  
Drained from the purple grape, reeled  
o'er the land;  
His frosty fingers pinched the rambling  
vines—  
His breath came cutting through the  
breezes bland;  
On fruit and flowers was laid a palsying  
hand;

\* The Laws of Life, with special Reference to the Physical Education of Girls. By Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D. G. P. Putnam.

\* Songs of the Heart and the Hearth-Stone. By Mrs. Rebecca S. Nichols. Philadelphia: Cowperthwait & Co.

The long-drawn notes of insect-lyres no more  
Thrilled the young twilight of the whispering pines;  
A stillness stole along the wood and shore,  
And Summer's gentle trance, with all its joys, was o'er.

The transitions and contrasts in the Foot-Prints of Winter are very happy:—

"Days are into darkness shrinking,  
Clouds unto the earth are sinking,  
And the icy fetters, linking,  
Bind the shallow streams:  
Spring's sweet hours of sunshine solely,  
Summer twilights soft and holy,  
In these days of melancholy  
Seem like distant dreams.

"Look we for no fair to-morrow—  
Spade and plow have left the furrow—  
And the rabbit from its burrow  
Steals with noiseless tread:  
Hushed the brook's melodious prattling,—  
But the winds and leaves are battling,  
And the sleeted boughs are rattling  
O'er the confined dead!

"Yonder, where the rocks are jutting,  
Though the air is keen and cutting,  
Little squirrels go a-nutting.  
In the hazel brake:  
Underneath, a river's toiling—  
Rage within its bosom boiling;  
You may see it, writhing, coiling,  
Like a wounded snake!

"All the forest's dim recesses,  
Which the sunshine seldom blesses,  
Shorn of leaves and viny tresses,  
Have no secrets now:  
Quietly the ivy's creeping  
Where the blighted flowers are sleeping,  
And the blast from Northward sweeping  
Drives the sinless snow."

The carrying night forward into day in a stanza of the lines on Morning is well conceived:—

"From the glad realm of dreams,  
Its heaven-capped mounts and silvery streams;  
From groves and gardens of supreme delight,  
The wandering spirits come  
Back to the eddying strife and hum,  
To chase dim shadows through this world of night!"

In the rhetorical vein there is a stirring impulse in the Song of Liberty:—

"Our heroes' lone graves are thine altars!  
They dot the green land of the free,  
And shrunk be the bosom that falters  
In faith, to their ashes or thee!  
Thou hast the true key to each spirit,  
From manhood's high nature to youth,  
And from the Most High dost inherit  
A mission eternal as truth!"

We would gladly add to our quotations the eloquent poem on Spring—but its merits are included in the observations we have already made.

#### ANTHON'S SCHOOL LATIN DICTIONARY.\*

THE present work of Dr. Anthon, assisted by his collaborators, Prof. Drisler and Mr. W. H. Wilson of the Columbia College Grammar School, is an abridgement of the now established necessities in this department of education—the works of Freund, Georges, and Kaltschmidt. The translation and adaptation of Freund's Lexicon by An-

\* A Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary, for the Use of Schools, &c. Harpers.

draws, and his associates, have supplied the American scholar with the best Latin dictionary published in this country or in England. Its value consists especially in its lucid order of primitive and various secondary significations, with its careful references to classic authors. These features are generally preserved in Anthon's School Dictionary, giving us, first, the proper meaning, then the figurative and changed sense by metonymy, and further the general and special sense. The advantage of this to the young student cannot be over-estimated, for it begets a careful logical study of language, a habit of composition, as well as skill in interpretation. As one of the best uses of the study of the classics is to perfect one's management of his own English, this elemental study of language must be the best means of accomplishing the result. Another feature of the book is its free introduction, from Kaltschmidt and other authorities, of the philological sources of the language. These, the preface tells us, are cautiously introduced, not including "doubtful etymons and fanciful analogies to support a theory." We should like to have seen a brief essay on the history and formation of the language prefixed to this work—as a guide to the pupil—in the form of dialogue, adopted by Dr. Anthon, in some of his earlier editions of the classics—or other familiar method of leading the young scholar to the best understanding and use of the admirable tools with which he is supplied. A book of model examinations, taking a page of a classic author and giving every word of the class recitation in question and answer between a consummate teacher and well practised pupils—letting the scholar explain the why and wherefore, and how he has got his knowledge, would be a desirable thing, now that the art of uniting the philosophy of the whole subject with its details and elements, is beginning to be so well understood, and the appliances of learned illustrations are so ample.

The form of Dr. Anthon's book is a capital recommendation. It is a small quarto, neat and convenient, and so readily handled that its very appearance may overcome some of the sad *vis inertiae* of the youthful pupil.

We should not forget to mention the use of Mr. Riddle's transfer of Freund's labors, for which acknowledgment is made in the publication of the former's English preface.

*Lydia, a Woman's Book.* By Mrs. Newton Crosland. Ticknor, Reed & Fields.—Mrs. Crosland, already favorably known to many at least of our readers, as Miss Toulmin, presents her sex with a tale expressly devoted to their service. Her object is to show that the true ideal of the manly character is not the bold dashing man of the world, and that the "model woman" is not or should not be the negative acquiescent character she is sometimes depicted. With this view we have presented to us a youth of showy and expensive tastes, gifted with "taking" accomplishments, who becomes betrothed to his cousin, a young lady of the pattern we have described, and gains such an ascendancy over her as to induce her to aid him in ousting a half-brother from the home and the affections of her father. The lady, though tenderly attached to her brother, has her eyes blinded by her scapegrace fascinator to such an extent as to believe the former guilty of a forgery actually committed by the latter and adroitly fastened by him on the former. It is not until she detects a plan of her truly "demon lover" to poison her father,

who has disowned, though from family pride he has not prosecuted, his son, and made a will in favor of his nephew and prospective son-in-law, that she dismisses him. The father is enlightened, the son, who has irritated his father in early years by his quiet bookish tastes and his refusal to enter the army or navy, and driven on this account from the paternal roof, has gained fame as an author and lecturer, ignorant meanwhile of the charge of forgery, is recalled and reinstated in his father's affections and will. The daughter pays, by a severe fit of illness resulting in a shattered constitution, for the errors of her yielding disposition.

There is a good moral as well as interesting narrative (much of which we have not touched upon), but both are marred by the fault, a not uncommon one in "women's books," of exaggeration in the character of the villain of the story. Had he not been so blackly painted, the contrast intended by the author would have been much more effective.

*Poems.* By Edward Stagg. St. Louis: Keith & Woods.—This volume contains several short poems on ordinary domestic occurrences and moral topics in various forms of verse. They are almost all tolerably smooth and unobjectionable in matter, but excessively common place, running on after this fashion—

"I view with untold pleasure  
My children three, my children three;  
In them O, what a treasure  
Is given to me, is given to me!"

From our general commendation of the volume for correct feeling, we must except some verses on "Sitting up with the Dead," which are vulgar, irreverent, and melodramatic. Were they otherwise their subject is sufficient to condemn them. The scenes of the sad drama of death and burial, where no moral can be drawn from their display, had better be left veiled. It is as disgusting to us to see them paraded for mere effect in verse as to behold show coffins and burial robes displayed in an undertaker's window.

*The Clifford Family; or, a Tale of the Old Dominion.* By one of her Daughters. Harper & Brothers.—The scene of this story is laid in Virginia, some eighty years ago. It does not touch on the eventful history of the period, but is confined to topics of domestic interest. There are few descriptions or attempts at close delineation of character, and the work being of an ordinary stamp, does not call for extended notice.

*The Master Builder; or, Life at a Trade.* By Day Kellogg Lee. Redfield.—A story of practical business life in a country village, tracing the progress and fortunes of a score of persons from youth to manhood. The author shows his familiarity with life in our rural districts, and his sense of the humorous, by his choice of names—as for example, the following combinations, Jason Tyler, Andalusia Golden, Crispus Trexler, Bolivar and Ophelia Golden. He does not refine his scenes and characters, but presents them in all their natural angularity and occasional coarseness. His plot, though simple, is interesting, and his style pleasing.

*The Electic German Reader:* consisting of choice Selections from the best German Writers, with copious References to the Author's Grammatical Works; to which is added a copious Vocabulary. By W. H. Woodbury. Leavitt & Allen.—This work is well adapted, not only for instruction in the German language, but also for giving the student some idea of the variety and copiousness of German literature—a foretaste, as it were, of the rich intellectual feast which a few months' labor over grammar and dictionary will place within his grasp. Specimens are given of all the celebrated modern writers; and the work, in this respect, is fuller than Follen's, though we



do not think the selections from individual authors are quite so happily chosen.

*Chambers's Pocket Miscellany.* Vol. V. Gould & Lincoln.—A continuation of this excellent selection from the early volumes of *Chambers's Journal*. A good book for the country school libraries.

*Waverley Novels.*—*The Bride of Lammermoor*—*A Legend of Montrose*. Lippincott, Grambo & Co.—A capital instalment of the fourth volume of this compact edition.

*Harpers' Magazine*, September, contains a solid, thoughtful paper on the Constitution and Authority of the State, in which we recognise a well known, philosophical pen. The "Old Gentleman's Letter" gives us some choice anecdotes of a visit to Abbotsford in the days of Sir Walter.

#### MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

—The general impression is, as far as we are informed, that the celebrated mathematician, Euclid, was regularly inhumed a good many centuries ago; that he was of average height, and that it was in the "old country" that he was interred. They however seem to take a different view of the matter at Williams College, Massachusetts, as we learn from an account of the late Commencement, in the *Express*, which, after a description of other proceedings, says:—

"During the evening schedules were distributed announcing the Burial of Euclid, directly after the close of the exercises in the Church.

"Euclid metamorphosed into the form of a man nine feet in length was laid in a car, festooned with black and with evergreens, drawn by four white horses, each horse led by a negro. The Sophomore class followed their deceased friend, dressed in white, all bearing torches, which brilliantly illuminated the scene. Several songs were sung, an oration and poem delivered within the yard of West College, and then the body of Old Euclid, preceded by a band of music, was borne to a neighboring hill and burned with the usual ceremony."

—Another honorary ceremony, of recent occurrence, on the other side of the Atlantic, we can understand:

"The matter-of-fact commercial town of Havre has been lyrical for the last few days in inaugurating with speeches, poems, music, and dancing, a statue to the gentle memory of the author of *Paul and Virginia*. It is a custom in France to erect a statue to the memory of whatever determinate genius in letters, inventions, music, painting, and so forth, in the natal place of the inspired one. America should do the same."

—The Paris correspondent of the *Tribune*, who records the foregoing, makes a further mention of the late Count d'Orsay, with a moral attached:

"The death of Count d'Orsay is much felt by artists. He combined, with the recklessness of a *viveur*, much good-heartedness. *George Sand*, in a letter, pays a tribute to his memory, for he interested himself in favor of exiles. For a man, not a politician or genius, d'Orsay occupied a more conspicuous position than any one has since Brummel. When that personage had redeemed England from shocking bad dressing and polished the four-in-hand manners, once so much in vogue, d'Orsay further came to the rescue, and taught the rising generation how to appear, how to criticise, and how to run in debt. To look at a man so apparently vigorous, and to see him manage a horse with centaur-like ease, would presup-

pose a lease of life up to the overlappings of a century; but yet he died of a disease of the spine, with a chest complaint superinduced. There are several texts: Seek first the kingdom of heaven, and so forth; and not seeking it, what a cold career is the most vaunted Mercury of fashion, lit on the topmost hill of society, magnetizing eyes, affording the pabulum for spirited literature, brilliant in contemporary annals—eating, drinking, and making merry, doing everything but loving and being loved."

—With a delicate reference to conversationists of a somewhat different order from the accomplished Count, Mrs. Swisshelm, in an excellent paper on the "Age of Words," in her *Saturday Visitor*, makes the following truthful and comprehensive hits:

"But while there is much worthy of praise written only to be forgotten, what oceans of trash are poured upon the reading world! It is no longer the wise man and the scholar that wield the pen. Every stripling, ambitious beyond his years, every conceited numskull, who would thrust himself unbidden upon a conversation, now annoys his betters, in print. He pushes himself upon your notice in clear type and fine paper; and although you are not bound to read, you are forced in some way to feel the annoyance. Well meaning, but ignorant people, print folios in tracing out arguments that have been exploded a thousand times, and their fallacy laid bare to every sensible scholar. Crude misshapen ideas in every variety appear and vanish, over and over again. Everything that is false, silly, absurd, distorted, insane, childish, stupid, or idiotic, has some protecting genius, in the shape of an author, to bring it before the world, in print.

"There is, however, another class, which we sometimes fear will swallow up both the others: these are the representatives of mediocrity. They are themselves neither wise nor foolish. Their style has nothing in it that you can praise, but you cannot, without being ill-natured, find fault with it. Their ideas, if you should scan a million millions of them, never make you believe that you have found anything new; yet you would not venture to accuse a single author of this class with plagiarism. In fact they are less open to criticism than the writers whose language fills your soul with fire."

—We find a personal description of Mr. Turner, the great painter—in an article entitled "Turner and his Works"—which, like all the other personal traits and incidents of which we have acquired a knowledge since Turner's death, is in singular contradiction of our ideal of one so eminent in art:

"His personal appearance was far from engaging. He was short, stout, and bandy-legged, with a red pimply face, imperious and covetous eyes, and a tongue which expressed his sentiments with a murmuring reluctance. Sir William Allan was accustomed to describe him as a Dutch skipper. His hands were very small, and, owing to the long cuffs to his coats, only his fingers were seen. His look was anything but that of a man of genius. He hated letter-writing; and I have been unable to find any letter or note of his composition that would illustrate his life. I have two long letters from him to Chantrey now before me; but they are not worth printing. A note to Calcott exhibits a drawing of a mallard in place of his usual M, and it has been supposed from this, that if he had written his name at length, he would have spelt it Mallard, and not Mal-lord. His opinions on art were seldom given, and always with hesitation. He growled approbation. Once, indeed, his criticism extended to a sentence. He had been taken to see

the pictures of Thomson of Duddingstone, called by his countrymen, in the fondness of their admiration, 'The Scottish Turner.' The friend who took him was anxious to hear what the original Turner thought of his Scottish representative—Thomson, too, was equally eager. He examined with attention, mumbled some sounds of apparent approbation, and began and ended by asking, 'Where do you get your frames, Mr. Thomson?'

—One should have a clear and certain view of the target before he displays his weapon, or he may waste a great deal of excellent powder—for example:

"Miss Burdett Coutts visited Exeter, a few days ago, and received much attention from the clergy. An amusing story pertaining thereto is told, by the *Western Times*, of the Rev. Prebendary Hole. Seeing an elegant lady-like person in the cathedral, followed by a man-servant in Miss Coutts's livery, the prebendary made up to her, and volunteered his services to show her the cathedral. Those services were accepted, and he prattled on about her liberality, all that he had heard of her goodness, and, finally, placed the claims of a certain institution before the lady. The lady nodded an easy acquiescence in all he said, but gave no further sign. It afterwards turned out that the Rev. Mr. Hole had been doing the polite to my lady's maid."

—The mention of Turner, the painter, calls forward a new anecdote we have lately met with, which briefly enlightens us as to the modification of the arts by nationality:

"A genuine Highlander was one day looking at a print from a picture by one of the old masters, in which angels were represented blowing trumpets. He inquired if the angels played on trumpets, and being answered in the affirmative, made the following pithy remark:—'Heeh, sirs! but they maun be pleased wi' music! I wonder they dinna borrow a pair of bagpipes.'"

—The visitation of churches by birds is a favorite topic with poets and naturalists: a pleasing instance whereof we find recorded in the *Lancaster Guardian* (England):

"A robin, as if assured of security in the locality, 'found her a house, and a nest where she might lay her young' (Psalm lxxxiii., 3), in a corner upon a small shelf immediately under the great Bible, in the reading desk, between the desk side, and a small Bible that was lying upon the shelf, a Church Catechism book being at the bottom. Upon this ecclesiastical site, notwithstanding frequent interruptions occasioned by several funerals in the week-days, as well as by the regular Sunday services, the interesting little creature commenced and accomplished her object. Having built her nest of dried leaves, pieces of paper, &c.—an operation requiring great perseverance, in consequence of a large quantity of materials falling on the floor—she laid six eggs; and sitting even during divine service, and having the gaze of many curious eyes, in due time she brought out six young ones. With the assistance of her faithful mate, who was duly in attendance, she fed and reared them all, the church windows being left open to allow them to procure their natural food. We are sorry to add, however, that we must record the deaths of half of this interesting family. Having fluttered out of their nests one warm day, before they were fit to try their wings, and probably received injuries in their first attempt, three of the brood died soon after they were replaced in the nest. To secure the rest from the dangers by which they were beset, the vicar, the Rev. Robert Gibson, caused them to be put into a cage, through the bars of which they were duly fed by their

parents. Being sufficiently fledged, they were liberated last week from their prison, which they immediately exchanged for the church-yard hedge, the old birds being observed to join them and pay them all due attention."

— A caution connected with the "beautifying" of the person of the fair—is alarming in its associations:

"Dr. Fremy, the physician of the central bureau of the Paris hospitals, has published a note in the *Gazette des Hospitiaux*, warning the public against certain bracelets, known by the name of *bracelets odoriferants composés de graines d'Amérique*. He states that the pretended *graines d'Amérique* are merely a composition of paste, containing a certain quantity of arsenite of copper, perfumed with iris powder, and that their effect is to raise on the skin of the arm, which they touch, a pustulous eruption, attended with considerable danger. He adds, that holding one of the grains in the mouth for some time might cause death."

— In an occasional address delivered at the Exhibition of the High School at Cambridge, Mass., by the Hon. Edward Everett, a well-stated summary of the short-comings of the Red-men is presented as follows:—

"The traces of the native population are not yet obliterated at their favorite resorts; sonorous Indian names yet designate some of the noble streams, the sparkling lakes, the cloud-capt hills of New England (may they never give way to the simpering affectations of modern taste!), and recent traditions of the red-man still hover, like spirits loth to depart, around the waterfalls and carrying places.

"Here they had lived and possessed the land from time immemorial. We call them *aborigines*, as the Athenians called themselves *Autochthones*. We know nothing older. We cannot go beyond them in the history of our Continent, nor assign any date to their occupation of it. But all their traditions—the size of the enormous trees which have grown upon the mounds erected by them—their physiological peculiarities—the highly artificial structure of their languages, which, without being sentimentally expressive, are grammatically complicated—and the silence of general history as to their emigration to America—all lead to the inference that the red races have been in possession of this Continent as long as the white races have been in possession of Europe. Yet, for want of intellectual culture—for want of those instruments and means by which it is perpetuated and diffused—for want of the alphabet, the arts of writing, of reading, and printing (whether this be regarded as a cause or effect); in a word, for want of that which our schools spread throughout the community, and hand down from generation to generation, no progress was made in intellectual improvement by the aboriginal tribes of North America. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, from their first appearance on this Continent to the date of the landing at Jamestown and Plymouth—a period which I take to be fully as long as that which has elapsed since the landing of the first Egyptian or Phœnician colonists in Greece—not one effectual step had been taken by the Northern tribes towards the rational enjoyment of the great heritage which Providence had placed in their hands."

— The British post-office authorities are rapidly extending the privilege of sending books, pamphlets, magazines, reviews, &c., at 6d. per half pound weight to all their colonies and dependencies. The privilege is already extended to the West Indies, Canada, Cape Town, Nova Scotia, Ceylon, Malta, Gibraltar, Ionian Islands, Mauritius, Bermuda, Heligoland, Newfoundland, and Hong-

Kong. There is no doubt that the privilege will be extended shortly to Australia.

— An affecting incident, in the acquaintance of two distinguished scholars, is given in the recent life by Dr. Hanna:

"Tholuck, the German theologian, visited Chalmers at Edinburgh in 1846, and the two celebrities enjoyed much friendly intercourse, but the concluding interview surpassed the whole. The day before Tholuck's departure, Chalmers called. He sat with him only a few minutes, and said little, but looked at him constantly, with an expression of earnest interest and affection. He rose to take leave; and instead of taking him by the hand, he threw his arms round his neck and kissed him, while 'God bless you, my dear friend,' broke with apparent difficulty from his over-charged heart. After Chalmers left, it was noticed that a tear had gathered in the eye of him who had received the apostolic benediction and seal of brotherhood from one he loved and venerated so much. His only observation was a half-muttered, half-spoken, '*eben ein kuss*'—even a kiss."

— The atmosphere begins to be tremulous again with a musical murmur of the approach of Madame SONTAG, who left for this country in the European steamer of the 25th of last month. Great preparations are in hand to give her a warm welcome—an item of which is a serenade of 800 musicians on Union Square. The public are in the crisis of an expectation.

— We close our "Miscellany and Gossip" for the week with a highly American agricultural statement, for which we are indebted to the editor of *Boston Times*, who says:

"An acquaintance, a few weeks since, purchased a box of cigars warranted 'first quality.' After smoking half a dozen he became convinced they were composed of some other material than tobacco. Taking a small quantity of rich earth, he filled a flower-pot, and planted one, and then patiently awaited, for a few days, the result. Half a dozen buds appeared, and, at the end of two weeks, as fine a head of cabbage was grown as was ever seen."

#### LIFE'S FEVER DREAMS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.,  
Author of "Atalanta," "Norman Maurice," "Southern Passages and Pictures," &c.

On! not for sleep in such a night!  
'Tis now, while Heaven and earth are bright,  
That gentlest spirits speed in flight,  
And, as they tell,  
Glad, on green slope, or starry height,  
Weave magic spell!

Could we but see—were but our eyes  
Purged by befitting sacrifice  
Of lowly thought, and for the skies  
Made pure by prayer,  
Methinks, dear forms should quickly rise,  
Our hearts to cheer.

So bright, so calm, so soft, the close  
Of Day,—so holy the repose  
Which now the blessed scene o'erflows,  
That, in the soul,  
Faith, with each airy whisper grows  
Beyond control.

She asks to see—once more retrace  
The once bright eye and perished grace,  
The happy smile, the glowing face,  
Of youthful hours,  
That left their light on many a place,  
Yet left no flowers!

A dream!—But what is all the bliss,  
That Heaven to Life accords in this?—  
A flower upon the precipice,  
That, as we take,  
Our senses swim—our footsteps miss,  
And we awake!

What's Passion's triumph, but the wild  
Delirium of the feverish child,  
With fancies fed, by dreams beguiled,  
The sudden light,  
When clouds have for a moment smiled,  
To burst and blight!

What's Love? Hast loved?—Then such the  
flower,  
New blown, and fresh with morning's shower,  
Sweet, pure, as if some heavenly dower,  
By seraph given;—  
Place it within thy breast an hour,  
And where thy heaven?

Fame!—Ask the echoes of the Past,  
The exulting shout, the trumpet blast;  
Would'st deem that Fate its shroud shall cast  
Such fortunes o'er,—  
Such echoes die away at last,  
Heard never more!

Yet where the Hero! where the acclaim,  
The myriad shouts that promised Fame,  
The imperial column to his name!—  
Another ear  
Wins shout, and trump, and tower, the same,  
And he is—Where?—

Dreams all! The fame, the love;—the gush  
Of passion, from its virgin blush,  
To the wild fever of its flush,  
That, soon or late,  
Will lose their bloom, their voices hush,  
And yield to Fate!

Not less delicious, that they die,  
While yet the fire is in the eye,  
The sweetness in the shout or sigh,  
That love, or fame,  
Brings, with delusive ministry,  
Our souls to claim.

Dear spectres, that, from dream, or heart,  
Thus cherished, never quite depart;  
Still on our sight their phantoms dart,  
And still they woo,  
As from the shroud, at night, they start,  
To smile and sue!

We may not lose them all—the bloom  
Still breathes from where the flowers found  
doom;  
Their memories lighten up the gloom  
Their parting brought, —  
Still hang sad chaplets o'er the tomb  
To solace Thought!

Still come by night, when all is still,  
Persuade us to the grove, the hill,  
Speak through the leaflet, through the rill,  
And all the breast  
With happiest, sweetest instincts fill  
That make it blest.

Survive the wreck of common things,  
Bring Hope its eye, and Faith its wings,  
Conduct, where flow the eternal springs,  
And o'er the sight,  
A sacred moonlight memory flings,  
That makes all bright!

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### QUEBEC.

QUEBEC,—to one only familiar with American cities how strange a place! Why do not more of our untravelled Yankee people visit it? Many now journey in the hot months, as far as Montreal, quite a United States looking town, but stop short of Quebec, a city that would have been counted a place of mark in feudal times and countries.

There it stands, the better part of it on a great rocky height, the last real city on the continent, looking off towards the Arctic realms; When the northeast wind comes up the grand St. Lawrence, it fairly brings with it a scent of the Gulf—a kind of odour from Labrador and Greenland, and a word about



seals and whales, icebergs, and the huge white porpoise.

On the evening of the 4th of June last, L. . . . and myself with our wives saw from the upper deck of the steamer the glistening roofs and steeples of Montreal fade away in the twilight. The fine wide river went rolling along down with a swift current. Farm-houses, steep-roofed and white, hamlets and parish churches with pointed spires, seemed to make a continuous village on either bank. While we were talking and sleeping that night we passed by nearly 180 miles of similar scenery.

Early in the morning we went on deck. The wind was blowing a gale from the very coldest point, which made us wish for the warmest winter clothing, or that we had delayed our excursion till July. We staid, though, in spite of the wind, on deck, and saw what was to be seen. Thousands of black jaggy rocks, left naked by the tide, which rises and falls here some ten or twelve feet, dotted for miles the shoal water on the northwestern shore. The sparkling foam played on every swell of the dark broad stream, or took wings in the wind where the waves flung themselves among the innumerable crags. While dwellings and steeples sprinkled the southern bank, an endless line of high brown cliffs glittered in the rising sun. Within an hour a bold and lofty headland, apparently at the end of the water, came into full view. Gray walls gave angular and horizontal outlines to its rounded summit; and over all, away up in the blue air, floated a crimson banner—the signal of Quebec.

Books, maps, and pictures easily give one the locality and portrait of the scene: but to be impressed with its grandeur he must pass along under, and try to measure with the eye the whole mountain-mass, crowned with those extended artificial precipices, the upper edge of which clips the sky at an elevation from the stream of three hundred and fifty feet. I was greatly disappointed, but happily, at the citadel of Quebec. It stood exactly where, in "my mind's eye," I had seen it for years. But it stood a work too stupendous to be entertained with any correctness until seen.

An entrance to Quebec was to us very odd and amusing. Securing almost the only fine four-wheeled carriage on the wharf, we were driven off in the same direction with most of our fellow passengers, who were mounted up, singly or in pairs, in Canadian calashes—clumsy, jumping gigs without tops—a kind of vehicle which a New Yorker might select at home, if he wished to make a fool of himself for the fun of others. One of our ladies could afterwards scarcely be persuaded that she would not appear positively ridiculous if she ventured to ride out in one. Just then a funeral procession passing by exhibited numbers of persons, that might have been the city fathers, perched up in these same calashes, with the drivers on the forward ends, almost bestride the horses' tails. This assured her of the respectability of that kind of chariot, and reconciled her to its trial. To return to the landing: away we went in a drove of calashes, zigzagging through the gloomy mass of the lower town, now driving through a narrow street directly towards the perpendicular rocks of the mountain, topped with arched walls and cannon, well up towards the clouds; and now wheeling it up what seemed to be an alley

rather than a regular street, terminating in a prodigious flight of wooden stairs, alive with people toiling slowly up or quietly stepping down. At length we doubled a corner, and saw before us a portion of the winding passage into the upper town—a steep and stony thoroughfare, comparable in its difficulties of ascent with some of the hardest parts of the road to the Catskill Mountain House. Up this we joined in a kind of scramble with drays, calashes, and little bull-dog milk-carts, now tacking to the right, then to the left, *beating* up against the steepness with harsh rattling of tires and scraping of fire-striking hoofs on the flinty pavement, "all the while sonorous" voices of little waspish Canadians shouting "martial sounds" at the collision of descending wheels, or an occasional jam of those in the roll upwards. But yonder is the wall of Quebec, fixedly reposing on the verge of cliffs that might contribute perpetual droppings into the very chimneys of the town below; and there is the Prescott gate with its Roman arch piercing the solid masonry, *guarded* by a British soldier with scarlet coat and gleaming firelock. A few minutes are now sufficient to carry us past this quiet man of war—to wind us up the remainder of the ascent past the grey, many-windowed parliament house—to whirl us by the bright, tin-covered, Romish cathedral, down into the market-place, with its phalanx of rickety French carts, red with mutton—down a street curving and showy—up a straight street called after some one of the saints, round into Palace street, to the Albion Hotel. Behold us in Quebec!

L. L. N.

#### AN ORTHOGRAPHICAL QUERY.

IN the course of an article descriptive of a new building, which appeared in a city journal recently, I notice that the *mantles* are styled *mantels*. In Putnam's "Cyclopædia of the Fine Arts," which is the last dictionary of architectural terms I happen to possess, the word in question is thus spelled and defined:—

"*MANTLE*, in architecture, the piece lying horizontally across from one jamb of a chimney to the other."

The latest unabridged edition of Webster's Dictionary, revised by Professor Goodrich, gives the word "mantel," on the principle, probably, that every admissible variety of spelling is to be included, but it does not favor that orthography, for it simply refers the reader for a definition to "mantle" or "mantle-tree," and says that these words are synonymous with what "we (i. e. Americans) call a mantle-piece." It then defines mantle-piece or mantle-shelf as "the work over a fire-place in front of the chimney."

Richardson's Dictionary spells the word both ways; but the three highest authorities it cites, namely, the Tattler, Cowper, and the Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, all concur in spelling it "mantle," or what is equivalent, "mantle-tree."

The word is clearly derived from the intransitive verb "Mantle, to spread; to be spread or extended"—the mantle being the marble, wood, or other work, spread or extended over the fire-place. I have no hesitation, therefore, in saying that, according to the best authorities, the word should be spelled "mantle," and am surprised that any literary man should fall into the vulgar error of spelling it "mantel." The only shadow of reason

that can be offered for the latter orthography is, that there are two kinds of mantles, and that it is expedient to spell one of them *man-tel* in order to distinguish it from *mantle*, a cloak. But who adopt this idea, to be consistent, should spell box, a chest, *bocks*, in order to distinguish it from box, a blow on the head; nail, a small pointed piece of metal, *mayl*, in order to distinguish it from nail, a measure of length; ring, a circle, *rhynng*, in order to distinguish it from ring, a sound; and so on, with hundreds of other words. Besides, if the word "mantle," when used in either sense, is to be spelled "mantel," it would be better to use it in the case of the cloak, for mantle in that sense is now obsolete, except among poets and inferior novelists, who occasionally describe scenes as being "covered with the night's black mantle." The ladies have their *mantillas*, but the gentleman who should now speak of donning his mantle, in lieu of putting on his cloak, would be thought stage-struck. I submit, therefore, that the word should be spelled *mantle* in all cases, since that method is consistent both with its derivation, and with the usage of classical English writers. Any reader of common sense can judge from the context whether the word means a cloak or a chimney piece. When the public journals adopt illegitimate orthography, we may indeed anticipate the speedy verification of Pope's prediction:—

"Our sons their fathers' failing language see,  
And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be."

Q IN THE CORNER.

#### COLERIDGEIANA.

[From Notes and Queries, Aug. 7.]

COLERIDGE: LETTERS TO LAMB, AND NOTES ON SAMUEL DANIEL'S POEMS.

[We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. William Hazlitt for the loan of a copy of *The Poetical Works of Mr. Samuel Daniel*, author of the *English History* (2 vols. 12mo. 1718), which had formerly belonged to Charles Lamb; and from the second volume of which we transcribe the following characteristic Letters from Coleridge to Lamb; and his admirable and interesting notes upon a poet who is not nearly so well known as he deserves to be.]

The first is written on the first fly-leaf of vol. ii.:

"Tuesday, Feb. 10th, 1808 (10th or 9th).

"Dear Charles,

"I think more highly, far more, of the 'Civil Wars' than You seemed to do on Monday night, Feb. 9th, 1808. The verse does not tease me; and all the while I am reading it, I cannot but fancy a plain England-loving English Country Gentleman, with only some dozen books in his whole library, and at a time when a 'Mercury' or 'Intelligencer' was seen by him once in a month or two, making this his newspaper and political Bible at the same time, and reading it so often as to store his memory with its aphorisms. Conceive a good man of that kind, diffident and passive, yet *rather* inclined to Jacobitism; seeing the reasons of the Revolutionary Party, yet by disposition and old principles leaning, in quiet nods and sighs, at his own parlor fire, to the hereditary right—(and of these characters there must have been many)—and then read this poem, assuming in your heart his character—conceive how grave he would look, and what pleasure there would be, what unconscious, harmless,

humble self-conceit, self-compliment in his gravity: how wise he would feel himself, and yet after all how forbearing. How much calmed by that most calming reflection (when it is really the mind's own reflection). Ay, it was just so in Henry VI.'s time, always the same passions at work, &c. Have I improved thy Book—or wilt thou like it the better *therefore*? But I have done as I would gladly be done by—thee at least.

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

On the second fly-leaf Coleridge has noted, "Vol. v. p. 217, a fine stanza."

The following is the stanza referred to:

"Whilst Talbot (whose fresh Ardor having got

A marvellous Advantage of his Years),  
Carries his unfelt Age as if forgot,

Whirling about where any Need appears.  
His Hand, his Eye, his Wits all present,  
wrought

The Function of the Glorious Part he  
bears:

Now urging here, now cheering there, he  
flies:

Unlocks the thickest Troops, where most  
Force lies."

And to it Coleridge has appended the following note:—

"What is there in description superior even in Shakspeare? Only that Shakspeare would have given one of his *Gloves* to the first line, and flattered the mountain Top with his surer Eye—instead of that poor—

"A marvellous advantage of his years."

But this, however, is Daniel—and he must not be read piecemeal. Even by leaving off, and looking at a stanza by itself, I find the loss.

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

"O Charles! I am *very*, *very* ill. Vixi."

"Second Letter—five hours after the first.  
"Dear Charles,

"You must read over these 'Civil Wars' again. We both know what a *mood* is. And the genial mood will, it shall, come for my sober-minded Daniel. He was a Tutor and a sort of Steward in a noble Family in which Form was religiously observed, and Religion formally; and yet there was such warm blood and mighty muscle of substance within, that the moulding Irons did not dispel, tho' they stiffened the vital man within. Daniel caught and recommunicated the Spirit of the great Countess of Pembroke, the glory of the North; he formed her mind, and her mind inspired him. Gravely sober in all ordinary affairs, and not easily excited by any—yet there is one, on which his Blood boils—whenever he speaks of English valor exerted against a foreign Enemy. Do read over—but some evening when we are quite comfortable at your fireside—and oh! where shall I ever be, if I am not so there—that is the last Altar on the horns of which my old Feelings hang, but alas! listen and tremble. Nonsense!—well! I will read it to You and Mary. The 205, 206, and 207th page; and above all, that 93d stanza; and in a different style the 98th stanza, p. 208; and what an image in 107, p. 211. Thousands even of educated men would become more sensible, fitter to be members of Parliament or ministers, by reading Daniel—and even those few who, *quoad intellectum*, only gain refreshment of notions already their own, must become better Englishmen. O, if it be not too late, write a kind note about him.

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

On the fourth fly-leaf he has written—

"Is it from any hobby-horsical love of our old writers (and of such a passion respecting Chaucer, Spenser, and Ben Jonson, I have occasionally seen glaring proofs in one the string of whose shoe I am not worthy to unloose), or is it a real Beauty, the interspersed I mean (in stanza poems) of rhymes from polysyllables—such as Eminence, Obedience, Reverence. To my ear they convey not only a relief from variety, but a sweetness as of repose—and the Understanding they gratify by reconciling Verse with the whole wide extent of good Sense. Without being distinctly conscious of such a notion, having it rather than reflecting it (for one may think in the same way as one may see and hear), I seem to be made to know that I need have no fear; that there is nothing excellent in itself which the Poet cannot express accurately and naturally, nay, no good word."

[From the London Examiner, July 24.]

NEW EDITION OF COLERIDGE'S POEMS.

*The Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*  
Edited by Derwent and Sara Coleridge.  
A new Edition. Moxon.

This elegant and convenient volume has qualities that will at once establish it in use as the best edition of Coleridge's poems. It is the last of his daughter's labors of love in connexion with her father's memory. She has redistributed the poems, preserving all that was most valuable in the old arrangement, and bringing them within a stricter chronological order. She has written an interesting preface, subjoined some attractive notes, and included four pieces not in any previous collection—one of them, though of no very great merit, now printed for the first time; and a sonnet of the date when Coleridge was most ardent for French republicanism. Nor is it a slight service to her father's fame that she should have rejected (as he did himself in later life) several of the very early and very silly *Juvenilia*—and omitted also, we observe with peculiar pleasure, that satire on Sir James Macintosh which for attempted virulence and real imbecility might claim to stand quite alone among the writings of a man of genius. Nothing remains to mar the general effect of the volume—as rich a collection of true poetry as could be produced from any period; the chronological arrangement greatly heightening its interest. We ought also to mention the newly-engraved and suggestive portrait which is prefixed to the volume, of the poet at the age of twenty-six.

Of the new poems of this volume, we find the following quoted in the *Athenæum*, "doubtless composed in Germany," and contributed to the *Morning Post* in 1802.

#### THE DAY-DREAM.

*From an Emigrant to his Absent Wife.*

If thou wert here, these tears were tears of light!

But from as sweet a vision did I start  
As ever made these eyes grow idly bright!

And though I weep, yet still around my heart

A sweet and playful tenderness doth linger,  
Touching my heart as with an infant's finger.

My mouth half open, like a witless man,  
I saw our couch, I saw our quiet room,  
Its shadows heaving by the fire-light  
gloom:

And o'er my lips a subtle feeling ran,

And o'er my lips a soft and breeze-like feeling—

I know not what—but had the name been stealing

Upon a sleeping mother's lips, I guess  
It would have made the loving mother dream

That she was softly bending down to kiss  
Her babe, that something more than babe  
did seem,

A floating presence to its darling father,  
And yet its own dear baby self far rather!

Across my chest there lay a weight, so warm!  
As if some bird had taken shelter there;

And lo! I seemed to see a woman's form—  
Thine, Sara, thine! O joy, if thine it  
were!

I gazed with stifled breath, and feared to stir  
it,

No deeper trance e'er wrapt a yearning  
spirit!

And now, when I seemed sure thy face to see,  
Thy own dear self in our own quiet home;

There came an elfish laugh, and awakened me;  
'Twas Frederic, who behind my chair had  
clomb,

And with his bright eyes at my face was peep-  
ing,

I blessed him, tried to laugh, and fell a weep-  
ing!

#### THE LATE TONY JOHANNOT.

DEATH has been busy in the realms of art of late. The members of that band of choice spirits who adorned the splendid artistic epoch of Louis Philippe, are fast disappearing. Pradier has sunk into his grave. Death has carried off another of the most eminent French sculptors, Feuchères, who died in Paris, only two days after Pradier; and on Saturday last, whilst the remains of Count D'Orsay were being laid in their earthly resting-place, the funeral obsequies of Tony Johannot were performed in the cemetery of Montmartre by M. Coquerel, junior, the Protestant clergyman, in the presence of MM. Henry Monnier, E. Isabey, Diaz, Picot, Roqueplan, Perignon, Décaisne, L'Haridon, Derval, and other artists, friends of the deceased.

Tony Johannot was born at Offenbach in 1803, and devoted the earlier years of his life to the study of botany and music. He first became known by a picture, representing a woman giving drink to a soldier, which was exhibited in the Louvre in 1831, and at once established his reputation as an artist.

It was not by his painting, however, that he acquired his highest fame. His engravings on steel have placed him in the first rank of European artists: his illustrations of the works of Byron, Scott, Molière, Cervantes, &c., are *chefs d'œuvre* universally known.

This eminent artist died in straitened circumstances: his end was sudden and affecting. On the 4th inst., after spending a cheerful afternoon at home with a party of friends, he went to the "cercle of Choiseul." On returning to his house he was seized with apoplexy, and, after lingering for a few hours, he breathed his last.

All the resources of medical art proved ineffectual, and his friends received at the same moment the intelligence of his illness and its fatal termination. His last thoughts, even in the agonies of death, were directed to his favorite art. "My picture will never be finished," said he, alluding to his "Ruth and Boaz," which he had on the day before his death so tenderly sketched. There can be



nothing, in fact, more masterly than the treatment of the patriarch; nothing so touching, so chaste, so tasteful, as the attitude of the gentle daughter of Israel, who reverently bows before the aged man—

Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

Near to this lovely sketch, on an easel, may still be seen some fresh and recent outlines which the great artist had intended as a fellow to another of his celebrated pictures, the "Episode de Pillage sous Francois I.," which was so warmly admired last year on its re-exhibition at the Louvre. The fortunate possessor of this picture is the Count de la Riboisière.

It was by religiously devoting himself to his favorite art (as his almost equally celebrated brother had done before him) that Tony Johannot hastened the fatal crisis which so suddenly paralysed his hand. A few days before his death he said to some of his intimate friends, alluding to the next exhibition, that he should not, on that occasion, allow himself to be forgotten, "as he had done for the last few years."

The death of this eminent man is a great loss to the literature of France and Europe. Poets and historians always found in him an able interpreter of their most eloquent conceptions, a rival in grace and imagination, if he did not surpass them all in depth and harmony.

Not only was Tony Johannot a great artist—he was something better—he was a good man, and may be held up as a model to the rising genius of France and other countries, to show the possibility of uniting the purely artistic life with the high and in every way respectable qualities which adorn a private existence, and which ought to be still more eminently the characteristic of the greatest artists than of others less exalted. Who, in fact, will not preserve a deep remembrance of the urbanity, trustworthiness, and modesty, of Tony Johannot?

On the very eve of this lamented event, when painting the chaste episode from the Book of Truth, his thoughts, no doubt, rose up towards Him who is an imperishable light for those whose genius is the manifestation of Himself on this earth.

Tony Johannot was, at the time of his death, in his 49th year.

#### CRITICISM EXTRAORDINARY.

THE *Boston Post*, since, and probably before, the proverbial reputation of "a first rate notice in the Boston Morning Post" came into celebrity, has had a peculiar way with it in getting at the meat or milk in an author's cocoa-nut. It published the other day two notices on the same column, a "mutilated" puff, like the courtesy of the squire's lady in the Vicar of Wakefield, and a downright "Punch." Like Orator Puff's two voices, the principle might be extensively, and doubtless profitably applied to criticism. It would be an ingenious method of at once pleasing your friend (why will a man's friends write bad books?) and doing your duty by the public. Here is the precedent of the *Post*. "You pays your money and you takes your choice!"

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LOBSTER EATING; a Summer Book, by Howard G. Summarily considered by Tomahawk, of the North American Review.

The above is a reprint of a collection of

letters, written by "one of our talented young countrymen," and originally printed (and spelled) in the UTOPIAN of New York city, a journal advocating French ethics and German religion, with Kalmuck-Tartar trousers. The editor has but recently returned from communion with the distinguished phalansterians abroad, who are brooding low, and waiting the hour to Byronically

"Get drunk with blood to vomit crime."

But the LOBSTERPHAGUS is none of these. He belongs only to the soft side of the paper! We are told that he once figured at the "Blithedale Mangle," and saw through Zenobia from the first. A graduate of this romantic institution, our friend returned to mix with the common herd, and for a season exported himself and theories beyond the seas, where he saw the elephant in his native jungles. He ascended the Nile, carefully, in a beatific state of mind (to judge from his letters to his family, also printed and admired). These NILE-NOTES breathe a soporific delirium when the brain capitulates to coffee and pipes' sweet fumes, and we have somewhat highly-tinted views of close-drawn tents, reeking with smoke, a dragonman drunk in a corner, and his recumbent master languidly following the voluptuous writhings of a Bayadere in cool attire. Or, have the boundless horizon of the desert, a brazen sky, red-hot sand, a mirage, a simoon, backsheesh, a cocoa-nut, a monkey, and a sheik, who is perfidious, a copt, who is faithful. Camels and oases *ad libitum*, and so on. Except the aforesaid "loving, natural, and Greek" pictures, like French lithographs, which are a trifle stout for ladies' eyes—the Nile-Book was innocuous; and we observe has become quite thumbed in circulating libraries. The author became personally *repandu* in New York fashionable and literary circles. The young ladies loved him for the dangers he had passed, and for his conversation in the manner of Hafiz. He was everywhere known by his *nom de plume*, and shared literary reputation with C. A. Bristed, Esq., who was "trained abroad his arms to wield." The latter gentleman has lately favored the world with a volume elegantly entitled "The Upper Ten Thousand," which, if correct in its picturings of New York society, exhibits a school of morals and of manners truly deplorable.

After Nile-Notes, Syria. This was better, though possibly less thumbed at the circulating shops—there were fewer Bayaderes and more moonshine. After Syria, Lobster-Eating; most felicitously named, we think. There are ladies in all lobsters. This book will do no harm to the young. Its tone is cheerful, and its constant effort calls for our respect. We should class it with the Willis Hurraygraphing set of books. Great knowledge of men and manners, of women and graces, is let out; wide experience in salads, gravies and wine is to be inferred, with a fastidious discrimination in "pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses."

Our talented young countryman visits the watering-places. The eye (skilled in Bayaderes) is turned finely upon the rival half-hours of our north and south. He sits in judgment, a new Paris with the golden fruit in his breeches pocket, and paces the verandahs of Newport or Saratoga, followed by the winning smiles of candidates for admiration.

For ourselves, we confess to great dislike at seeing a list of ladies' names, clothes, and behaviors in the columns of a newspaper. Yet we are assured that many, so cited, have a wild ambition thus to figure, and even supply the materials for the paragraphers. If Mrs. or Miss — like to have their "swan-like neck," or "well-turned ankle" advertised all over the Union (like "Dead Shot" or the "Cow Pepsin"), we cannot object, but wish

their husband or father joy of the family notoriety.

We recommend Lobster-Eating—in moderation. Perhaps it will agree with you perfectly—perhaps it will make you sick. T. H.

Lotus-Eating; a Summer Book. By George William Curtiz, author of "Niles Notes," &c. Illustrated by Kensett. New York: Harper & Brothers. Boston: Pettridge & Co.—A dainty volume, as a "summer book" should be. It embraces thoughts on our various watering place, as Newport, Saratoga, and the like, with descriptions, anecdotes, and illustrations, all done up in the very prettiest style. It is one of the most elegant issues of the season, and is of about as much value in literature as a merely handsome and well-mannered woman in a family circle. Or rather, the volume resembles a neat copy of elegant *vers de société* that one finds in albums. By the dictionary, "Lotus" is either a water lily or an African fruit, but we suppose the *Lotophagi* went into the latter. "Lotus-Eating," therefore, may signify that the author consumed his share of good things at Niagara, Newport, Cape May, and so forth, though whether "Lotus" is poetical for tautog or woodcock, we are not informed.—*Boston Post*.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

##### AMERICAN.

MESSRS. LONG & BROTHER have in press, and will publish early this month—"Northwood; or, Life North and South," by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. The intention of this work, it is said, is to illustrate the dignity of labor; also to show the influence of American institutions in the character of our people both North and South.

Messrs. GEO. H. DERBY & Co., Buffalo, announce as soon to be published—"The Conquerors of the New World, and their Bondsmen; being a Narrative of the Principal Events which led to Negro Slavery in the West Indies and America." Their immediate publications are—"Lord Mahon's Life of Joan of Arc," illustrated; "Health and Wealth; how to get, and how to enjoy them;" "The Bards of the Bible;" and a new edition of "Hardman's Central America." Messrs. Geo. H. Derby & Co.'s recent book on the popular topic, "Life at the South," has reached an edition of 15,000 copies.

Messrs. C. S. FRANCIS & Co. will shortly publish "Hazlitt's Shakespeare," a new edition, including the Poems, Doubtful Plays, Notes, &c., in 5 vols. 12mo.—and they advertise a list of fifteen new juveniles and new editions. The Trade, &c., will find here the best selections.

Mr. A. HART, of Philadelphia, is publishing a variety of entertaining works, forming a sort of Library of Female Novelists. Miss Leslie, Mrs. Hentz, Miss Southworth, are among the contributors; the "Pencil Sketches," Mrs. Hentz's "Mob Cap," "Rena," "Linda," "Eoline Warland," and Miss Southworth's "Discarded Daughter" are among the latest.

Mr. J. B. STEEL, Publisher, New Orleans, has issued a circular, drawing attention to a new edition of "Martin's Reports of Cases tried in Louisiana." The original 20 volumes, comprising cases from 1809 to 1830, will be published in 10 volumes, and ready for delivery by November next. The price is \$5 per vol.: to non-subscribers the price is \$6. This work has been compiled with great labor and research, by Thomas Gibbes Morgan, Esq. No alterations of the original have been made, except the correction of errors and the addition of notes. It is the intention of Mr. Steel to continue this series by a new edition of the "Louisiana Reports," annotated in the same manner; also to publish new editions of the CIVIL CODE and CODE OF PRACTICE in their entire text, each article followed by statutory

amendments, decisions, references, &c.; an undertaking adventurous and immense enough, looking at the expense and responsibility, but of so great utility to the profession as to make, with the countenance deserved from them, the final result a very profitable reward. The value of the above in European practice will also be considerable.

Messrs. BANGS, BROTHER & Co.'s Autumn Trade Sale commences on Monday next, and will be continued day by day and week by week until an immense mass of Stationery, Stereotype Plates, and Books shall have changed owners and been scattered to all parts of the Union. To facilitate the business the sale of Stationery, which has usually been last in order, will now be commenced the same day with the book sale, but in another room. Those who know proclaim that everything has conspired to make this autumn's sale the largest that has happened for years.

We have received five numbers of "L'Athenaeum Français," a new journal started at Paris—almost an exact copy in form and style of contents of its namesake of London. Ampère, Philarete Charles, Delessert, Rongé, Wailly, and some thirty-eight more prominent men are in the list of contributors. H. Baillière, 290 Broadway, takes subscriptions.

Carlyle's new Historical Work is said to be a life of Frederick the Second.

A medal of considerable artistic merit has just been issued by the celebrated medalist, Ferdinand Korn in Mayence. It has been struck in honor of the great chemist, Justus Liebig, whose numerous friends will be happy to learn that the artist has secured the right of disposing by sale of a number of copies. The medal is of a diameter of 20 Rhenish lines. The obverse presents a striking likeness of the great chemist. The reverse presents an allegorical composition, consisting of a number of figures, among which the four principal ones are the personifications of Science in General, Chemistry, Botany, and Mineralogy, the others representing other sciences bearing upon Chemistry.—*Silliman's Journal for September.*

MURRAY advertises "Letter to Jared Sparks, Esq.; being a Rejoinder to his Reply to the Strictures of Lord Mahon and others, on the Mode of Editing the Writings of Washington," by Lord Mahon.

#### LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM AUGUST 7TH TO SEPT. 4TH.

##### AMERICAN BOOKS.

- Anthon (C.).—A Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary, for the Use of Schools. 12mo. pp. 1260 (Harper & Brothers).
- Bulletin of the American Geographical and Historical Society. Vol. I., for the year 1852. 8vo. pp. 80 (Geo. P. Putnam).
- Bushnell (Rev. H.) and Clark (Rev. J. M.).—Religious Music; two Discourses. 12mo. pp. 54 (Hartford, F. A. Brown).
- Calpe (Adadus).—The Two Fathers. Part 3.—Science and Love. 12mo. pp. 251 (Stringer & Townsend).
- Charles (Philarete).—Anglo-American Literature and Manners. Trans. 12mo. pp. 312 (C. Scribner).
- Clifford (The) Family; or, a Tale of the Old Dominion. By one of her Daughters. 12mo. pp. 490 (Harper & Bros.).
- Cooper (J. F.).—Precaution. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 518 (Stringer & Townsend).
- Garrison (Lt. J. W.).—The Mormons in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake; a History of their Rise and Progress, Peculiar Doctrines, Present Condition and Prospects, derived from Personal Observation, during a residence among them. 12mo. pp. 168 (Phila., Lippincott, Grambo & Co.).
- Hudson (The) Illustrated with Pen and Rencil. Illust. 4to. pp. 32 (F. W. Strong).
- Herbert (H. W.).—The Quorndon Hounds; or, a Virginian at Melton Mowbray; with Illustrations. 12mo. pp. 175 (Phila., Getz, Buck & Co.).
- Judson (Emily).—An Olio of Domestic Verses. 12mo. pp. 235 (L. Colby).
- Kossuth in New England; a full Account of his Visit to Massachusetts, with his Speeches and the Addresses that were made to him. 8vo. pp. 343 (Boston, J. P. Jewett & Co.).
- Lee (D. K.).—The Master Builder; or, Life at a Trade. 12mo. pp. 322 (Redfield).
- Nichols (Mrs. R. S.).—Songs of the Heart, &c. Beautifully illustrated with steel engravings. 8vo. pp. 320 (Phila., Cowperthwait, Cincinnati, Desilver).
- Stagg (Edward).—Poems. 12mo. pp. 262 (St. Louis, Keith & Woods; New York, A. S. Barnes & Co.).
- Trumbull (J. H.).—The Public Colonial Records of Connecticut, from 1663 to 1678 (Hartford, F. A. Brown).

Williams (B. Brown).—Mental Alchemy; a Treatise on Mind, Magnetism, Disease, &c. 12mo. pp. 180 (Fowlers & Wells).

Winthrop (R. C.).—An Address to the Alumni of Harvard College, July 22, 1852. 8vo. pp. 60 (Cambridge, John Bartlett).

Woodbury (W. H.).—The Eclectic German Reader. 12mo. pp. 260 (Leavitt & Allen).

##### REPRINTS.

Ainsworth (W. H.).—Mervyn Citheroe. 12mo. pp. 216 (H. Long & Bro.).

Burney ((Miss).—Evelina; or, the History of a Young Lady's Introduction to the World. 2 vols. in one, 12mo. pp. 468 (Harper).

Crosland (Mrs. N.).—Lydia; a Woman's Book. 16mo. pp. 227 (Boston, Ticknor & Co.).

Esdaile (James, M.D.).—Natural and Mesmeric Clairvoyance, with the practical application of Mesmerism in Surgery and Medicine. 12mo. pp. 372 (London and New York, H. Baillière).

Hanna (The Rev. Dr. W.).—Memoirs of the Life, &c. of Dr. Chalmers. Vol. 4. 12mo. pp. 595 (Harper & Bros.).

Mackinnon (Capt.).—Atlantic and Transatlantic. pp. 324, 12mo. (Harper & Brothers).

Rome and the Abbey: A Tale of Conscience. 12mo. pp. 408 (D. & J. Sadlier & Co.).

Scott (W.).—Bride of Lammermoor—Legend of Montrose. 12mo. pp. 344 (Philadelphia, Lippincott, Grambo & Co.).

Scott.—The Waverley Novels, Vols. 4 and 5—Rob Roy, Black Dwarf, Old Mortality. Boston, B. B. Mussey & Co.).

The Heirs of Randolph Abbey: A Novel. 8vo. pp. 120 (Stringer & Townsend).

Willmott (The Rev. R. A.).—A Journal of Summer Time in the Country. 18mo. pp. 245 (Appleton & Co.).

Waverley Novels—Parts 3 and 4. 8vo. pp. 120 (Philadelphia, A. Hart).

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